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UNIVERSITY  
COLLEGE  
MAGAZINE.

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WINTER TERM-1914.



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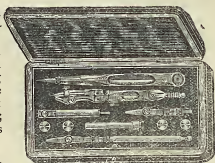
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WINTER TERM - 1914.

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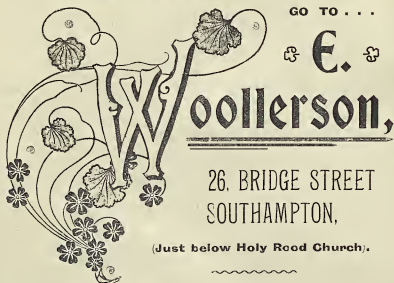
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All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the *EDITOR* of the Magazine, University College, Southampton.

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# THE SOUTHAMPTON University College Magazine.

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## *- - Editorial Notes. - -*

IN troublous times, amidst wars and rumours of wars, when the spectacle of the desolate, the wounded and the dead is ever present with those of us who have hearts and homes, the periodical of the old Coll. which still, thanks to those grim and grey spectres keeping watch and ward along our coasts, in common with the rest of our land retains its blissful serenity undisturbed by the turmoil of the outside world, once again makes its appearance. It would be out of place to make more than a passing reference here to the conditions in which we find ourselves placed to-day, and we must be content merely to wish God-speed and a safe return to those of our number—good and true comrades all—who are devoting their lives to the service of their country, whether at home or abroad, in the barrack-room or on the field of battle.

Nevertheless, we say without diffidence that it is a cause for great gratification that, in spite of our depleted numbers, College life has in no wise slackened. Nay, although we have come to be regarded almost as a College institution, so long has our shadow, year in, year out, darkened its portals, we can hardly remember when College life has "gone" to such an extent as during the past term. We are not one of those who think that a long face makes a patriot, and if our College life enables us to spread a little sunshine amidst the gloom generally prevalent at our homes or in our digs, we shall deserve nothing but well at the hands of the powers that be. Therefore we would urge all, seniors and juniors alike, but especially the latter, to do their utmost to make College functions a success during the ensuing two terms.

It is our pleasant duty to extend a hearty welcome to the Juniors on behalf of the older members of the College,

although such a welcome has already been given in most cases in a somewhat more concrete and practical manner. We feel sure that, taken in the right spirit, their experiences during their first year of College life will result in nothing but their ultimate benefit, and that they will be quite ready, nay even eager, to perform a similar kindness towards next year's Juniors.

The old festive season draws nigh, and we wish each and everyone of our readers as happy a Christmas as the circumstances of the time may permit, remembering that if, before the time for re-uniting arrives, the call for service should come, it is the call of duty, the call of righteousness, the call of love, and that it is within the power of everyone of us to earn that grandest of encomiums which fell from the lips of the bard of Avon

"This was a MAN."

H. A. T.




At the time of our last issue there was every prospect, judging from the way in which applications were arriving, of an increase in the number of students for the present session. Under the new conditions created by the war, however, the flow of entries was checked, whilst many men who would have been returning to College took up their duties in connexion with the Territorials either for home or for foreign service, or joined the regular forces. The consequence is that the number of men in residence has been reduced to about half of what it would otherwise have been.




At the end of last session we were also counting upon a removal to the new buildings at Highfield which were opened in June by the Lord Chancellor in what seemed to be auspicious circumstances. But on the outbreak of the war the Council decided to offer them to the War Department for hospital requirements. As it would be possible to continue the work of the College in the old premises, it was thought that we should scarcely be justified in taking possession of the new buildings, which were obviously suitable, and abandoning the old buildings, which were quite useless for the above purpose. Surgeon-General Donovan, who inspected the new




College, described it as an ideal building for hospital requirements, on an ideal site, and other military authorities who were sent to see it expressed the opinion that no buildings which had not been erected for the specific purpose could have been more satisfactory or more easily adapted. Ultimately the War Department took over the buildings for a general military hospital at a peppercorn rent, undertaking to make good any damage, and restore the premises in the condition in which they found them. Everyone must be glad that the College has been able in this way to make a substantial contribution to the comfort and well-being of our Army and Navy.



The war has also led to a transformation at Highfield Hall, which Dr. Hill has generously lent, furnished and rent free, to the Red Cross Society. At present 74 patients are receiving attention there. The billiard-room has been converted into an operating theatre, and the next room into a clinical laboratory; the Winter Garden forms a recreation room for such soldiers as are able to leave their beds; and the Resident Medical Officer, Matron, and Staff are accommodated in the private part of the house, previously used as a residence by Dr. Hill and his family.



Apart from the necessary care for the sick and wounded, many agencies have been at work during recent months with the object of providing for the comfort and entertainment of the soldiers encamped or billeted in Southampton. Under the management of Professor Watkin, a series of popular lectures has been given by members of the College staff at a Hall in the vicinity of the Common, and, judging from the attendances up to the time of writing, the experiment has so far been successful, though new geographical factors necessarily come into play with the break up of camps on the Common.



Dr. Hill is serving on the Central Committee for Patriotic Organisations, of which the Prime Minister is President and

Lord Rosebery and Mr. A. J. Balfour are Vice-Presidents. The aim of this association is twofold. In the first place, it seeks, through lectures, meetings, the distribution of literature and other means, to convince the nation of the life-and-death character of the struggle, and to keep alive, in spite of any temporary temptations to discouragement or any natural weariness of war that may arise in the future, the "continuous determination to carry on the conflict till a peace honourable, durable, and satisfactory to ourselves and our allies is obtained." In the second place, it seeks to supply neutral countries with such documents as will enable them to take a just view of the causes of the war, and of who is responsible for it, and of the methods adopted by the several belligerents in prosecuting it.

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The College has lost two prominent supporters in the deaths of Mr. William Erasmus Darwin, J.P., the Honorary Treasurer, and Mr. J. T. Hamilton, J.P., member of the Council. Mr. Darwin was the eldest son of the great naturalist, and, like his father, graduated from Christ's College, Cambridge, but, unlike the other members of this distinguished family, turned his attention to business rather than science. His leisure was freely devoted to public causes, and of all the organisations with which he was connected the Hartley Institution, of which he became Honorary Treasurer forty-one years ago, and then the University College into which the Institution developed, were nearest to his heart. Mr. Hamilton, too, was active in both business and public life, and during his nine years on the College Council he was always one of its most valued members.

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Mr. E. H. Dixon, Lecturer in Electrotechnics, has left us to take up the important appointment of head of the Physics and Electrical Engineering Department at the Royal Salford Technical Institute. We are sorry to lose Mr. Dixon, who during his ten years or so on the staff has rendered able and faithful service to the College, and we wish him all success in his new sphere of labour.

---

The lectureship vacated by Mr. Dixon's departure has been filled by the appointment of Mr. George Shearing, an

old student of the College. Mr. Shearing took the three years Engineering Course under Professor Eustice, and obtained the first class College Certificate. He afterwards graduated in honours at the London B.Sc. (Eng.) Since leaving College Mr. Shearing has had varied experience both in engineering works and in teaching, and during the five years up to the time of his appointment here was Lecturer and Demonstrator in Electrical Engineering, under Dr. Gisbert Kapp, at the University of Birmingham.

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Both students and members of the staff will greatly miss the presence of Mr. Robert Hardy, the Sub-Librarian, who has taken up an appointment on the Permanent Staff of the Naval Air Service Sub-Depôt at Sheerness.

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Despite the war conditions, the University Extension courses have been carried on successfully. During the past term Professor Shelley has given a series of lectures on "Art in the Nineteenth Century," and Dr. Stansfield on "Electricity and Wireless Telegraphy." In the coming term Mr. Fawcett is to give a series of "Studies in Human Environment."

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We hasten to congratulate R. W. Durdle, B.Sc. (1911-14), upon his appointment as Lecturer in Geology at University College, Galway. We understand that the geological characteristics of the district are practically unknown, so that Mr. Durdle will have good opportunities for pioneer work.

---

We have great pleasure in recording the following successes obtained by students since the last publication:—

*B.A. Honours.*—Miss A. Roles (2nd Class, Modern Languages, English and French), Miss G. M. Chappell (3rd Class, Modern Languages, English and French).

*B.A. Pass.*—B. A. Weber (2nd Class).

*Intermediate Arts.*—Miss O. Foot, Miss K. C. Boswell, B.Sc., R. P. V. Carpenter, J. S. Naylor.

*B.Sc. Honours.*—Miss L. R. Dunkley (3rd Class, Botany), R. W. Durdle (3rd Class, Geology).

*B.Sc. Pass.*—Miss D. Rimmington (1st Class), Miss E. North (2nd Class), E. W. Godden (2nd Class), R. G. Tulley (2nd Class).

*Intermediate Science.*—Miss L. E. Eustice, Miss D. Thomas, E. K. A. Boyce, L. C. S. Clark, F. C. Golding, R. W. Taylor, C. J. Cozens, D. R. Snellgrove.

*B.Sc. (Engineering).*—A. H. Attrill, R. Quinton.

*Intermediate Science (Engineering).*—D. R. Williamson.

*Civil Service.*—G. P. Barnett (2nd Place), R. J. C. Weber (9th Place), R. G. Plumley (22nd Place), H. F. G. Alford (62nd Place), F. L. Mayhew.

National considerations prevented several students who are serving with the Territorials from taking the University Examinations. Otherwise the list would doubtless have been longer.



## ROLL OF HONOUR



\* \* \*

### Staff.

| Name.                            | Rank.    | Regiment.       | Where serving. |
|----------------------------------|----------|-----------------|----------------|
| Starkey, Prof.,<br>V. G., M.A.   | —        | Royal Fusiliers | —              |
| Baldwin-Wiseman,<br>W. R., M.Sc. | Lieut.   | 5th Hants       | Southampton    |
| Dudley, G. G., B.A.,<br>L.L.B.   | Sergeant | 5th Hants       | Southampton    |

### *Students who attended Classes during Session 1913-14.*

| Name.             | Rank.      | Regiment.            | Where serving. |
|-------------------|------------|----------------------|----------------|
| aAldridge, N. C.  | 2nd Lieut. | 5th Hants            | India          |
| aAttrill, A. H.   | Pte.       | 5th Hants            | India          |
| aBroad, H. C.     | Pte.       | 5th Hants            | India          |
| aBradbury, E. B.  | Pte.       | Army Service Corps.  | Lyndhurst      |
| aBroughton, W. H. | L. Corpl.  | 5th Hants            | India          |
| Bruce, C.         | Pte.       | 5th Hants            | Southampton    |
| aBailey, G. H.    | Pte.       | Inns of Court O.T.C. | —              |

| Name.               | Rank.      | Regiment.                               | Where Serving. |
|---------------------|------------|-----------------------------------------|----------------|
| Cooke, T.           | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| Coates, S. H.       | Pte.       | Hants Carabineers                       | Winchester     |
| aDyer, F. P.        | Pte.       | Army Service Corps.                     | Lyndhurst      |
| aDavies, J. E.      | Pte.       | Army Service Corps.                     | Lyndhurst      |
| aEldred, H. S.      | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | India          |
| aFarquharson, S.    | 2nd Lieut. | 5th Hants                               | India          |
| aFalcon, R. J.      | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| Glover, P.          | Corporal   | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| aGraham, M.         | L. Corpl.  | 5th Hants                               | India          |
| aGoddard, W. R. M.  | Pte.       | Army Service Corps.                     | Lyndhurst      |
| Goldring, F. C.     | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| Hodges, V. G.       | L. Corpl.  | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| aHands, H. C.       | 2nd Lieut. | Army Service Corps                      | Wareham        |
| aLewis, W.          | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | India          |
| aLeigh, P. C. J.    | Sergt.     | 5th Hants                               | India          |
| aMcDonell, K. C. B. | Lieut.     | Cameron Highlanders                     | Aldershot      |
| aMillard, H. A.     | Pte.       | Royal Engineers                         | —              |
| Marshall, J. G.     | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| aMcWhinnie, D. R.   | Sergt.     | 9th Hants                               | Portsmouth     |
| Moriarty, D.        | Pte.       | Hants Carabineers                       | Winchester     |
| Moody, J.           | L. Corpl.  | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| aMead, R.           | 2nd Lieut. | 5th Hants                               | India          |
| aNewton, T. M. B.   | 2nd Lieut. | 8th King's Shropshire<br>Light Infantry | Seaford        |
| Nohes, B. W.        | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| aNaylor, J. S.      | Pte.       | Army Service Corps.                     | Lyndhurst      |
| aNorman, C. J.      | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | India          |
| Potter, W. J.       | Corporal   | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| aPalmer, G. W. R.   | L. Corpl.  | 5th Hants                               | India          |
| aPitman, A. H.      | Corporal   | R.G. Artillery                          | —              |
| Rothery, J.         | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| aRhodes, A.         | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | India          |
| aSinclair R. T.     | L. Corpl.  | 5th Hants                               | India          |
| aSnellgrove, D. R.  | Pte.       | Army Service Corps.                     | Salisbury      |
| Simmonds, R.        | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| Simon, A. O.        | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| aSparks, J. F.      | L. Corpl.  | Royal Army Medical<br>Corps.            | —              |
| aStevens, I. H.     | Pte.       | 9th Hants                               | Selsea         |
| Thomas, E. D.       | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| aUren, E.           | L. Corpl.  | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| Williams, E.        | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| Williams, W. R.     | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| aWard, E.           | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | India          |
| Williamson, D. R.   | Pte.       | 5th Hants                               | Southampton    |
| aWilkins, C. H.     | Pte.       | Royal Horse Artillery                   | Southampton    |

a—Volunteered for Service abroad.

*We hope to publish in our next issue a list of Old Hartleyans and of Evening Students who are at present with the colours.*

## MAN AND THE WAR.

\* \* \*

A LITTLE cloud no bigger than a man's hand arose over Southern Europe. It loomed up darker and darker in the sky. Cold blasts of wind blew now and then, and hourly the storm threatened. At last it burst. Then were fire and death let loose on earth, and nation rose up against nation till half the world was at war.

War is at all times a damnable affair, yet it glorifies man. It is terrible to think of men killing men, to see the fair country-side ravaged, its homesteads burned, the cottagers murdered, and to behold great cities with their beautiful works of art reduced to a mass of debris and tottering ruins. Yet how much more awful is the battle itself, with a perpetual roar of cannon, the scream of shells, the rattle of musketry, with now and then the blare of bugles, and when the din is calmed to hear the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying. What a fearful sight to behold—khaki clad men in muddy trenches facing each other, great clouds of smoke blown from the mouths of big guns; shells bursting, blasting holes in the earth; men staggering, falling, writhing in agony; others quite still. And the charge—what a glorious yet awful scene. A bugle blares; officers shout; a thousand khaki clad figures with glittering bayonets rush forward yelling, and all the time there sounds the distant boom of artillery. Men stop and fall. Gaps appear in their ranks, but the rest rush on shouting. The actual impact is an inferno—crying and cursing; screams and groans; bayonets stabbing and tearing; blood oozing and flowing—men fighting for the glory of it, wild and fierce like animals.

But as out of the dark and ugly earth there comes a beautiful flower, so of war there is born a glory of its own. It is the spirit of self-sacrifice. Men deny themselves and leave all that is dear to them, and offer their lives to a cause which they believe to be right and true. Throughout the nations the cry goes out for men and the appeal is not in vain. They come from workshop and factory, from coal-mine and hillside, from mother-land and colony, and flock to the colours. Saw and scythe alike are forsaken for rifle and sword, and peaceful citizens become warriors of their king, ready to uphold the honour of their country, ready to suffer and to die that those who remain may be free.

Could we but see it, there is nobleness in all men, but it often requires an opportunity to shine forth. There is a

certain amount of goodness in all men, and the rudiments of an æsthetic taste in the ugliest minds; but these alas! are often hidden by the conditions of ordinary life. How can a man in a slum lane glorify himself? What is the good of preaching to him of the beauty of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the glory of leading an honest, straightforward life, when he is among such degrading surroundings. Grim, sordid streets, narrow and smokey, so as almost to shut out the blue sky, and this for his daily toil at the work that must be done! For his children we plan out elaborate educational schemes, base them upon psychology, ethics and hygiene. For a quarter of the day we bring those children into a school and educate them; then we let them go back to the grime and the dirt, and the foul air. It is like bringing a savage into civilization and setting him free again. And then we wonder why education is not a glorious success and has not raised up man out of the mire of existence.

Certainly, the things that matter in life do not depend upon money or circumstances. Rich and poor alike have their joys and their sorrows, and happiness is not measured in gold. In the times of a great national crisis all stand together. The brotherhood of man becomes more of a reality. Master and servant fight together and die together for the one cause. Alike they make the greatest of all sacrifices in giving their lives. Surely the noblest thing in life is to make sacrifice. Yet thousands are doing this daily, glorifying themselves and glorifying mankind because they have found something worthy of it.

Man must have some aim in life, some ideal after which to strive, something which seems worthy of him and will inspire him to sacrifice everything, even himself, for its fulfilment. He wants some inspiration, a light to take with him into the great dark future to cheer him in depression and brighten his pathway. Then he marches forward not counting the cost. Life, death, and the great hereafter before him, no looking behind, but ever striving on. Unknown hardships to be overcome, unknown suffering to be endured, and unknown worlds to be conquered. Yet the undaunted spirit surges forward.

So even the low men hear the cry of their country, find in its service a meaning to life, and die rather than fall short of their ideal. Though the battle smoke hinders our vision, yet peering through it out into the future we see the vision of a newer and a nobler mankind knit together in a common brotherhood.

R. J. L.

## A NEVER-TO-BE FORGOTTEN HOLIDAY.

EARLY ON in this year I formed in my mind a resolve to go and spend a portion of my summer vacation in Paris for educational purposes. Little did I think, as I left England on the night of July 11th, that in less than a fortnight war-clouds would be hanging over Europe, and that in little more than another week war would be raging all over the Continent.

When I arrived in the "Gay City," the "City of Light," or whatever name you choose to call the French Metropolis, all thoughts were turned to the celebration of the "Quatorze Juillet," the National Festival of the French people. Balls lasting all night were held at various points of the city, in particular on the Place de la Nation, the Place de la Bastille, and the "Boulevards Extérieurs." Three nights in succession did the merry couples trip it merrily from nine in the evening till five in the morning. To quote Byron:—

"All went merry as a marriage bell,

But how soon afterwards was to strike the

Deep sound like a rising knell!"

How many of the couples who danced so merrily were soon to be rudely separated—perhaps for ever? Of course, such thoughts were far from everyone's mind. After the "Fête Nationale," Paris was settling down to work again—for Paris is a long way from being a mere pleasure-centre—when the famous Caillaux murder trial came to absorb public interest. This rather sordid trial occupied our sole attention for over a week, but, in the midst of it, the war clouds gathered and lowered over Europe, as they had done, curiously enough, the last time I was in Paris, in 1911, over the Agadir question.

On July 23rd came the news that Austria-Hungary had sent an ultimatum to Serbia; many of the French thought it of no account, but we could soon see by Germany's attitude in not giving an answer to England's peace proposals, that we were on the verge of a great war. Things were in such a state that on the last day of July we realised that war was practically inevitable. When the next afternoon, Aug. 1st, the French mobilisation was ordered for the next day, all the comment one heard was, "Ça y est." Everyone knew that war was inevitable, and so was prepared for the news, which came as a shock to no one.

Now what a marvellous change came over our city—I say "our city," because Paris is almost as dear to me as my native



town! The next morning the motor-buses were all missing from the streets, being commandeered for military service. Trams ceased running at 6 o'clock the same night, and the underground railway—the "Métro" as it is known to Parisians—closed half its lines, and on those lines which were still kept going many stations were passed by, the number of trains was reduced, and they ceased to run at 7.30 p.m., instead of at 12.30 a.m. Cafés had to shut at 8 p.m.—yes, 8 p.m., you who object to the "ten o'clock" rule in England; a reduced lighting scheme was adopted in the city, which now almost merited the name of "City of Darkness." Those of my readers who know Paris will appreciate the difference made to the city, when I say that one could cross the Boulevard Montmaitre (one of the busiest thoroughfares in the city, where I myself have waited twenty minutes to cross, so great is the stream of traffic there) with less caution than one has to observe in crossing Southampton High Street.

It was my privilege to be living about 20 or 30 yards from the Northern Railway, on which line many of the troop trains made their way to the frontiers. Many were the train loads of troops that I saw leaving Paris. The troops seemed in the best of spirits, and on the carriage doors were chalked inscriptions, such as "Train de plaisir pour Berlin"—"A Bas Guillaume II."—etc. As the trains drew out on their journey northwards, their human freight was singing the "Marseillaise"—that most soul-stirring of national hymns.

On the Sunday and Monday (August 1st and 2nd) many of the younger and more spirited of the Parisians, mostly of the well-known "Apache" class, amused themselves by raiding German shops. One firm in particular, "La Société Laitière Maggi," suffered heavily; of its six hundred dépôts in Paris not one escaped destruction at the hands of the infuriated mob. Next day, August 3rd, Paris was put under a military governor, and the police had orders to shoot all looters at sight.

I then had to see about getting myself registered as an alien. I spent two days running about the city trying to find where I had to do so, and was sent from place to place by policemen who had no more idea of where I had to go than I had myself. When I did find out it was on the Wednesday morning, but there were so many German and Austrian subjects in Paris (all of whom were sent into concentration camps in the west) that I was told it was useless coming till the next day, Thursday, August 6th.

So that day off I went, armed with a "Certificat de Domicile" signed by my landlady and stamped by the

Commissary of Police of the quarter in which I lived. I had to register in a school. At 10.30 a.m. I was only about 30 yards from the door, but so great was the crowd of foreigners waiting to register that I did not get inside the building till 7 p.m. I had to give my name, address, and birthplace, and was then given a permit to remain in Paris and a passport to leave France when I pleased. This I determined to do at once as my stock of money was running low and it was doubtful if I could get any from home. So the next day I went to the Gare St. Lazare to purchase the precious bit of cardboard which was to confer on me the right of getting back to this "tight little island" again. I had to wait in a queue for three hours, and then I only got a ticket to Havre. To make sure of getting to Havre by 10 p.m. to get the boat home I had to leave Paris at the unearthly hour of 3.33 a.m. as there were only three trains a day, and they all stopped at every station.

I rose next morning, Saturday, August 8th, at 2 a.m., and had the luck to meet a "taxi," in which I promptly got. Though I possessed a third-class ticket, a railway porter very kindly put me into a first class-carriage. We left Paris at 3.30 a.m., and arrived at Rouen at 8.30. This journey usually takes from an hour and three quarters to two hours. We left Rouen at 9.30 and arrived at Le Havre at 1.15. Thus a journey which I have many times performed in three-and-a-quarter hours, took me no less than nine and three quarter hours!

Making my way to the London and South Western Railway Offices, I demanded a second-class ticket to Southampton, and tendered a twenty-franc piece, which was all the "filthy lucre" I had left in the world. Judge of my consternation when I was informed that it was insufficient to get me to England. I had therefore to content myself with a consul's ticket which cost me 6 francs, and which allowed me to sleep on the lower deck!

The boat left Le Havre at 10.50 p.m. and at 4.30 the next morning we were in Sandown Bay. I thought I would be home by 6.30, but received a rude shock when a destroyer came alongside and informed us that we were to wait for a pilot. Here we lay, rolling like a cork, for six hours, and at 10.30 we at last got under way again. Before we were allowed to land at Southampton—where we arrived at 12.15—we all had to prove that we were British subjects and after landing had to furnish our name and age and address.

Thus terminated a holiday which I shall never forget; never shall I forget my journey, which took me nearly 33 hours; and

which is usually performed in 11 hours. Still, I am glad I was in France at the time the war broke out, for it gave me an opportunity of seeing what I thought was non-existent; the grave and serious side of the French character.

P. C. W.

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## LIFE IN GERMANY. x x

+ + +

FORTUNE willed it that two years ago I should spend my holidays in the country with which we are now at war. I passed six weeks on the banks of that most romantic of rivers, the Rhine or "Father Rhine" as it is affectionately known to the subjects of the Kaiser. But, as my readers will doubtless remember, the summer of 1912 was very wet, and this unfavourableness of the weather naturally prevented me from seeing as many of the beauties of the region as I should otherwise have done. I had other cause to remember the weather, as you will see later on.

I determined to stay a day or so in Paris before going on to Germany, so I left Southampton on the Havre boat on July 31st, 1912. After perhaps the worst Channel crossing I have experienced—and I have experienced some very bad ones—I at last arrived in Paris about two hours late. So fatigued was I, and still suffering from the effects of the terrible tossing and buffeting I had received that all I could do when I did arrive in the French capital was to sleep. Next morning at 7 o'clock I was to be found at the Gare du Nord, waiting for the express train to start on its long journey to Cologne. On its rapid journey northwards the train passed through many towns which have been prominent in this war, and some of which have suffered severely from the invaders. Among the towns we passed through were Compiègne, Noyon, Chauny, St. Quentin, Le Cateau, and on through Maubeuge and Jeumont to the Belgian frontier at Erquelinnes. After a delay while luggage was examined we steamed off through a flat and uninteresting region till we came to the mining town of Charleroi, with the great heaps of slag and coal-dust which surround it. Passing along the beautiful Sambre valley we reached Namur, at the confluence of that river with the Meuse. The Meuse and Sambre valleys are of indescribable beauty, and through this lovely region the train thundered on to Liège, which was to distinguish itself in warfare but two years later. Leaving Liège, the "iron horse" made its way through a

very mountainous region, past Veruiers to the German frontier station of Herliesthal. Here was another delay while our luggage was again examined by Customs officials. I escaped without having my bag opened, but my fellow passengers were not so fortunate. On we sped across the dreary plain which stretches from the frontier to the great cathedral city and fortress of Cologne, passing the city of Charlemagne—Aix-la-Chapelle or Aachen on the way. At Cologne I was met by my hostess, but my journeyings were by no means at an end. We had another two hours' journey before us, and I did not arrive at my destination till 8.30. On our way we passed through the University town of Bonn, where the railway runs through the main street, and the rest of our journey lay along the banks of the Rhine, which here is of almost matchless beauty. At length I arrived at my destination, a village of 1,500 inhabitants rejoicing in the name of Niederbreisig.

My host was a retired Prussian Officer of forbidding appearance and manner, and I soon found out that everything in the house was carried out with military precision. There were also in the house, as boarders, two French boys, so I had plenty of company. We soon found that our life in this German village was mapped out for us, and that practically every minute was to be accounted for in some manner. Every morning at 7.15 a thundering knock was given to the bedroom door, and whether we liked it or not, out of bed we had to get. Half an hour was allowed us to wash and dress, and breakfast was served punctually at 7.45. Woe betide the luckless individual who happened to get downstairs even half-a-minute late! A sharp rating was his reward for his tardiness! Several times I thought to myself how unfortunate the poor wretch must truly be who had to serve under such an officer in the army! Breakfast over, we were allowed to stroll about in the garden till 8.30, when we had to go to our rooms to prepare the lessons the good lady of the house used to give us in the mornings from 10 to 12.30. These lessons were very interesting, and I became quite efficient at translating simple pieces from French into German. (It might interest arts students to know that the book we used was by our old friend Ploetz). Between 12.30 and 1 we could do as we liked, and after my hosts' son had come home from his college at Karlsruhe this time was generally spent in card-playing! Dinner or "Mittagessen" followed at 1 o'clock, and the cookery was in many respects similar to English cooking. The afternoon we occupied in various ways, but more often than not, especially during the first fortnight of my stay, it was

devoted to the preparation of the next days' lessons. Later on, if the weather was cold, we would play cards in the dining-room, or on exceptionally fine days, and if the wind was favourable, we would go for a sail on the river. At 4 o'clock we had tea, and from 4.30 till 8 we were allowed to do what we pleased. A favourite pastime was boating on the river; if the weather proved unfavourable for that, we would go walking and climbing in the hills which abound in that district. They are for the most part covered with magnificent pine-trees, and the views to be obtained from the summits were truly magnificent. At 8 o'clock we made our final meal of the day—generally a cold meal, in which ham and many varieties of the inevitable sausage almost always played a prominent part. This was generally followed by card playing or music. At 10 p.m. we retired for the night. This manner of life was varied on Sundays only, when, as a special favour, we were permitted to remain in bed as long as we pleased, and in the afternoons we made excursions to the nearest towns or places of interest in the neighbourhood. Thus on different Sundays we visited Bonn, Coblenz, and the well-known water-cure station of Neuenahr, while on another we made the ascent of the world renowned Drachenfels.

The mode of life in German homes is much different from that of England. The wearing of slippers in the house is absolutely barred, and on all occasions boots must be worn. The relations between parents and children present a striking contrast. Parents show very little affection, and are rarely known to kiss their children as English parents do. There seems to be an icy coldness in this regard which is incomprehensible to English people. When German parents write to their children they begin "My son" or "My child" and end up with "Your father" or "Your mother" without any expression of affection at all. Children in Germany—I mean among the better class of people—are allowed practically no freedom whatever, and are rarely allowed out except in the company of parents or servants. I think the restraint placed on children in their own homes accounts for the extreme "rowdiness" which is so characteristic of the German University students. The German is a great lover of music, in fact music and drinking seem to be the chief pastimes of many of the people. Of course, the German is necessarily a great admirer of the great deeds done by the ancient warriors of his Fatherland, and anything connected with warfare appeals to him, especially the glamour and so-called "glory" of war. Germans have a passion for commemorating great men and great deeds, particularly great feats of arms, and the

number of statues of the Kaiser William I., and of Bismarck is enormous. Great victories are specially singled out for celebration, and the anniversary of Sedan (September 2nd) is the climax to this sort of thing. This day is practically a general holiday, though the anniversary was not kept up in the family with whom I was staying, owing no doubt to the presence of two French boys in the house. The military caste is so strong, particularly in Prussia, that the lady of the house, who was a native of Würtemberg, did not dare say anything against the Prussian military system, of which she was a bitter opponent, in the presence of her husband, who was a Prussian.

Still, in spite of all the rules and regulations of the house, which were enforced with characteristic Prussian thoroughness, I managed to have a very enjoyable time. Two of my boating trips on the Rhine I shall never forget.

One Monday afternoon there was a strong wind blowing upstream, so we determined to go for a sail up the river as far as Andernach, which is about six or seven miles upstream. The wind, which was just a nice breeze, sufficient to keep our sails well-filled when we started, soon began to blow with unpleasant force. To make matters worse it came on to rain, and the rain was beaten against us with great violence. To get along faster, I took to the oars in the bow of the boat, and consequently had the full force of the rain in my face, although I was behind the sail. I had a cloak over my shoulders, but had to discard that to give myself freedom in rowing, with results that can easily be imagined. The rain fell in such force that we gave up all idea of getting to Andernach that day, so we pulled our boat up a slip on to the bank, and made for a village called Nemed, about a quarter of a mile away. Here we got a warm cup of coffee and a good tea, and we managed to dry our boots and socks. Luckily the rain left off and the wind dropped, and we were soon able to get away again down stream to Niederbreisig. Our state on arriving there can be better imagined than described, as also the consternation of my hosts in seeing four soaking-wet individuals, who had left the house spotless, emerge from the boat. We were so wet that we had to change every thread of our clothing. Fortunately none of us felt any ill-effects from our wetting.

The next Monday afternoon we set off again to go to Andernach. All went well till we got half way there. Then the wind came on with great violence and lashed up the waters of the river—which was then in flood owing to the torrential rains which had fallen during the preceding month—into a

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veritable seething mass of water. To make matters worse, there were a great many tugs passing and repassing with their chains of barges, so that we had to put up with the swells which they caused. So rough did the waters become, that,—though it shames me to say so,—one of the French boys and myself were thoughtful enough to provide a little food for the fish in the river. To add to our misfortunes, we got stranded on a submerged jetty, and gradually felt ourselves overturning. So, putting lifebuoys round ourselves, we waited for a favourable opportunity of diving. A passing steamer was just putting out a boat to come to our rescue, when a gust of wind carried us off the submerged jetty and righted us again. We completed our journey and arrived at Andernach without further incident. Our journey of 6 or 7 miles had taken us  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours! An hour later we set out on our return journey, which took us no more than an hour, and we arrived back at Niederbreisig none the worse for our adventures.

Three days later I left my good friends, with feelings of genuine regret. All through that day I travelled, and finally arrived in the city to which I am greatly attached—Paris. After a stay of two or three days, I left that beautiful city for England, in company with some of my fellow school-boys—this was before I came to College—*en route* for England. Little did I think that the next time I made that journey it would be under vastly different circumstances, and that England would be at war with the country I had just left and the people, among whom I had just spent one of the best holidays I had experienced.

A. B

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FIRE WHICH WAS  
OBTAINED THROUGH THE GENIUS OF ONE  
WHO IS STILL IN OUR MIDST.

† † †

DICK T - L - R of the College  
By the nine gods he swore,  
That though he had been cold all day  
He would be cold no more.  
By the nine gods he swore it,  
And then with joyful shout  
He clambered on the table,  
And then began to spout.

"The cold, I find, is frightful,  
The cold we cannot stand;  
And straightway in the corridor  
We'll take each other's hand;  
We'll raise our gentle voices,  
And all the Coll. shall hear  
That this cold, this chilly morning  
Is more than we can bear."

There be three-and-sixty students,  
The wisest in the land,  
Who alway by Dick T - l - r  
Both morn and evening stand.  
Evening and morn the students  
Have thought his sayings o'er,  
And have invariably found  
He's genuine to the core.

So with one voice the students  
Have their glad answer sent,  
And to the stout old doorway  
Their steps they quickly bent.  
Then straight along the corridor  
They trample two by two,  
And sing a useful pleasant song  
—A loud and lusty crew.

And nearer fast and nearer  
 Doth the shrill whirlwind come,  
 And louder still and still more loud  
 Is heard the leaders' challenge proud,  
 The trampling and the hum,  
 And quickly and more quickly  
 The P—— he does proceed,  
 And says that he will do his best  
 To remedy our need.

In summer and in winter,  
 At "lekkers" or at play,  
 When the swot is at its highest,  
 Or there's no more swot that day,  
 With shouting and with laughter  
 Still is this story told  
 How T - l - r got the fire,  
 In the brave days of old.

H. A.

## THE ABOLITION OF WAR.

+ + +

THE present war is being waged on a scale hitherto unthought of. Its very immensity has induced many enlightened authors to declare, in no uncertain tones, that this is indeed a war to end war. The curse of militarism is to be for ever stamped out and war shall be no more. Nation shall no more rise against nation; the struggle for existence will hereafter be but a mere phantom.

But is the abolition really desirable?

Thousands upon thousands of men are lost on every battlefield, some perhaps endowed with gifts of no ordinary value—doctors, great litterateurs or what not. The victors often lose as heavily as the vanquished. The battlefield is indeed a sad object for meditation. "Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won." Life, we are taught to believe, is a sacred thing, and not meet to be frittered away at the trumpet-call of unworthy ambition. War should never be entered on in a light spirit. The cost is enormous, and war at least to the conquered usually spells complete impoverishment. Seen from this point of view, the abolition

of war would indeed be a great blessing to the world. Great social reforms could be carried out, and everyone would strive to hasten the fast approaching millenium.

There is a spiritual as well as a material side to the question. From our earliest years we have regarded all soldiers as heroes, and that they are usually physical heroes it is impossible to deny, though it is equally certain that physical courage is not always the concomitant of moral courage. But are there any good qualities produced on the battlefield which can be produced in no other way? Apparently not. For any physical advantage derived from drill routine may be obtained equally well in the modern gymnasium and on the playing field, and one's spiritual life would receive just as much impetus on the battlefield of life as on that of death.

Militarists maintain that the abolition of war would result in the production of a flabby, insipid humankind. There would be no opportunity, they say, of rivalry, or of a supreme test between nation and nation, and none would endeavour to rise above the others and develop those qualities essential to the progress of a nation. But surely patriotism is not allied to warfare alone. Commerce, science, medicine, literature and a thousand and one other things would afford ample scope for competition, and would instil, as ever, into the human breast dreams of superiority over the foreigner. Wars are not in themselves essential to the prosperity of any country. The Romans founded their power on their military achievements, but nevertheless the nation, its cities, its buildings have gone, and nothing but debris remain. They had no visions of advancement in the higher things of life, and where no vision is, the people perish.

But the really important question is—is the abolition of war possible? There is considerable diversity of opinion about this. It seems impossible to the present generation, for humanity is ruled on a wrong system. Every nation is armed and ready to pit itself against any other if there is a fair prospect of victory, glory, and gain. Moreover, even everyday life is a war in miniature. Take commerce for instance. Successful commerce means the underselling of competitors, which means in turn cheaper production, cheaper labour, and more extensive machinery. Think of the consequent number of unemployed and the consequent oppression of the employed. This represents the casualties of the victors alone. Truly there is some grain of truth in the poetaster's statement that war its thousands slays but so-called peace its tens of thousands. But there is no reason why in the future,

and even in the near future, a totally new system of social and national government may not be evolved. Armaments may be limited, even rejected altogether, and international law may become a reality. At present it is merely a name. A strong nation does not keep to it longer than it is convenient. The same may be said of the International Tribunal of Arbitration at the Hague. However excellent its decrees may be, however carefully nations may bind themselves beforehand to accept them, nations are not remarkable for the observance of inconvenient agreements when there is no penalty for their violation. It may be possible in the future to make these agreements binding. All nations may unite to attack the one violating them; but even then we fear that cliques will be formed and that there will be another huge slaughter like the present. A new system is needed, but who can say when it will come? Some would unhesitatingly say that war will never be abolished. But men talked similarly years ago about the abolition of slavery and the improvement of prison conditions, and they were mistaken. It is really surprising what nations can do if they all determine to pull the same way.

Meanwhile every nation should seek peace and ensue it, "To be prepared for war," said Washington, "is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace"; *the* most effectual means, however, is itself yet to be found. Men thought immediately after the gruesome Napoleonic Wars that the abolition of war was imminent; yet it still remains a consummation devotedly to be wished.

X. Y. Z.



## A CAN OF MILK (With apologies to Longfellow)

+ + +

The bells at one were tingling fast  
As down the corridors there passed  
A youth who bore mid smoke and fumes  
From wayside labs. and science rooms  
A can of milk.

His brow was glad, his eye beneath  
Flashed like a negro's polished teeth,  
And he with pleasure wiped his lips,  
Anticipating luscious sips  
Of this new milk.

In class-rooms round he saw the light  
Where, lecs. unfinished, students write,  
Above the spectral bridge is seen,  
With notice-boards of red and green.  
On with the milk!

"What yer got there?" friend Charley said,  
Thrice nodding his sagacious head;  
"That tin you've got looks pretty wide."  
To him that clarion voice replied:  
"Charley, that's milk."

Assembled are the diners all,  
"Let's have our cocoa, man," they call;  
The can he opened at their rail,  
His hair stood up, his cheeks grew pale:  
"'Tis beer, not milk!!!"

The diners roared as if they'd bust,  
Except some wicked men, who cussed;  
"Whose joke is this?" the Sec. does shout,  
"With milkman vile I'll have it out.  
I want my milk."

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, full low,  
 (The lady at the Dairy Co.),  
 "Stay, sir; not I did substitute.  
 Thinks't thou I would? (The Sec. was mute.)  
 Beer for pure milk."

Her pardon begged, he quickly "gits,"  
 And leaves the maid almost in fits,  
 In peals of laughter as she thought  
 Of what strange drink the youth had bought  
 In place of milk.

And to this day, whenas at lunch  
 The worthy Sec. prepares to munch,  
 He wonders who on earth contrived  
 To put in beer, when that arrived  
 Labelled as milk.

## BOOKS FOR OUR BOOKSHELF.

\* \* \*

VARIOUS books have been sent to us during this term for review and criticism. We are glad to say that, on the whole, there are many which might well repose on our readers' bookshelves ready for leisure moments (when they occur). Below is a list of books with a short review by our literary critic.

*The Art of Woodcutting*, by Pudden (Army Press).

This is a well-written book, shewing how the merest amateur may be introduced to this fascinating art. The author relates how he occupied his time with it for three days, and heaps praises (?) upon the person who was the cause of his initiation into this new sphere of life.

*Classic Features*, by Pollie.

The author has given a title to his book which does not exactly fit his work. We suggest a better title would be *The Elusive Dimple*. He considers the dimple essential to beauty. His word pictures of the changes a dimple would make in the beauty of people with whom he comes in contact are very amusing. We advise all ladies to read this book.

*The Angel*, by Sedia.

This book opens by describing the horrors of confinement to a limited area of a party of the defenders of the Empire—the Territorials, at the outbreak of war. It tells how the angel of mercy visited and cheered them, how she brought gifts of magazines, stamps, tobacco and other luxuries to these worn out beings. We have pleasure in stating that it is an episode of real life. The heroine still lives, and we may inform her that her action will be remembered and appreciated for years to come, and beg her to accept the sincere thanks of those men; for she bore out the immortal words of Tennyson:

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

*Love thy Neighbour*, by Stevie.

This book well repays perusal by all who are addicted to "side." The author's principles overflow with the milk of human kindness, and demonstrate clearly the advantages to be gained by showing consideration for others. It is topical since it deals with the Army. The early chapters show an officer's difficulties and troubles in applying his theory of consideration. As time goes on we find him growing in popularity with his men, and by the time war breaks out he is the idol of his company, who can never tire of sounding his praises.

TAP.

## QUOTATIONS APROPOS.

+ + +

## SAUSAGE.

"Give her but the least excuse to love me."

*Browning.*

## SOIRÉES.

"Shall we idly sit down"?

*Longfellow.*

## THE U.C.S. STUDENT.

"My days pass pleasantly way."

*Saxe.*

## RECKLESS.

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
'Tis that I may not weep."

*Byron—"Don Juan."*



MESSRS. GILLGAN AND GAMMON.

"We'll go no more aroving  
So late into the night."

*Byron*—"The Dream."

CLOSE OF INTERVAL.

"Silence that dreadful bell!"

"Othello."

MESSRS. BRATCHER, REES AND TICKLE.

"Three wise men we be."

*Peacock*—"Three men of Gotham."

SENATOR KNIGHT.

"Adhibui deligentiam quoties cumque senatus fuit ut  
adessem."

*Cicero.*

"I was very careful to attend at every meeting of the  
Senate."

THE REMNANT OF THE SENIORS.

"When musing on companions gone  
We doubly feel ourselves alone."

*Scott.*

THE SUB-ED. TO THE CONTRIBUTORS.

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!"

*Longfellow.*

THE COLLEGE HYMNAL.

"Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?"

*Matthew Prior.*

THE M.R.C.

"When bad men combine, the good must associate: else  
they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in the con-  
temptible struggle."

*Burke.*

THE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT.

"Hear ye not the hum  
Of mighty workings."

*Keats.*

"SAUSAGE."

"We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory."

*Chas. Wolfe.*

"I stood among them, but not of them."

*Byron.*

S. HOWARD T . . E.

"Who hath not owned with rapturous smitten frame,  
The power of grace, the magic of a name."

*Campbell.*

HISTORY.

"And truth severe, by fiery fiction drest."

*Gray.*

WORK.

"This many-headed monster."

*Massinger.*

THE SUB-ED.

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."

*Sir H. Wotton.*

MR. KNIGHT'S EXPLOIT.

"A College joke to cure the dumps."

*Swift.*

"It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month,  
and a good jest forever."

*King Hen. IV. Pt. I.*

SWOTTING FOR TERMINALS.

"Often do the spirits  
Of great events stride on before the events,  
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

*Coleridge.*

MR. BRATCHER AT SOIREES.

"And now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better  
than one of the wicked."

*King Hen. IV. Pt. I.*

## THE BUN-BOY; An Appreciation.

\* \* \*

LONG, long ago, there lived a certain Roman, Julius Cæsar by name, who on one occasion boasted himself to be the only firm and constant man in all the world, a man whom neither deity nor mortal could sway from his fixed purpose. The statement rests on the authority of the authors of "Shakespeare," the name given to a number of Elizabethan plays on diverse subjects, of no particular brilliance, and usually quite unintelligible, except to editors, who for the sake of so much lucre, sell their souls and make pretension to accurate and detailed comprehension thereof. Yet, if one does not examine his facts too closely, is not much concerned regarding the trustworthiness of his authorities and possesses skill in the development of hypotheses from entangled and meaningless data, then "Shakespeare" is a fairly reliable source of information. The statement, however, was made some years ago now, and times have changed; the world has become more and more wicked; the Good Old Days have gone. With them has gone the proud vaunt of Cæsar. Little did he dream that in the fullness of time, when Rome and its pomp would exist merely as the contents of text-books, there would arise one who would be wholly justified in claiming equality with him; and further, how much less did his haughty intellect foresee that his words would be snatched from him—not by a king or mighty prince, not by warrior or philosopher, not even by a politician, but by a humble youth, a youth who knew not Cæsar neither cared two pence for him. Yet, and it rives my heart to tell of it; tears spring to my eyes even as I think of it—of the pride of Cæsar thus humbled to the dust; yet, it is so.

In "this venerable pile," men may appear at the appointed place in the condition described by the powers that be as "late"; they may for sundry reasons absent themselves from portions of the instruction so munificently provided for them and their fellows; even lecturers, even—but whisper it, lest the very stones of the place hear it and fall upon you for a blasphemous—even professors may arise tardily from slumber and arrive not at their post till the time appointed has fled away. But, whate'er may be the day, let the drought and summer sun scorch and wither the earth till the landscape quiver in the heat; let the darkening clouds gather, let it rain, let it snow, let the hail rattle on the house-tops; let the heaven's thunder roll till the foundations of the universe

tremble like an aspen leaf, and the thunderbolts crash upon the abodes of men in a cannonade of fire; let the lightning with its blinding ray stab the lowering firmament till the sons of men run terror-stricken to mountain cave and forest den, yea, even to the sheltering bosom of the ocean itself, to be free from the wrath of the heavens; let the universe and all creation be enwrapped by the frenzy of the elements till man sees not, feels not but the horror of the cataclysmal prey that numbs his mind and his very soul, till his reason breaks and he babbles in his terror like a child; yet, in that day of terror, when fear spreads over the earth as a plague and from city and hamlet comes the voice of a mighty wailing, the wailing of a lost and frightened race, when it seems to mankind that all is ended, all has been in vain; even on that day, e'er the eleventh hour has long been passed, at the lower end of the table in the Men's Common Room will be a sad faced youth, one who smileth not, neither taketh delight in the doings of students, but who, day in, day out, winter and summer, beareth upon his tray certain nutriment wherewith one may supplant the insufficiency that has constituted his breakfast; provided, that is, that he is offered certain moneys in exchange.

Such is our Bun-Boy! He is punctuality itself. Whether he is to be complimented or censured for this is a matter of opinion; but the fact remains. He is a very, very punctual boy—that's why we like him so. We haven't anything else like him in Coll. and so he really deserves to have something nice like this written about him in the Mag. May he live long, and may his shadow never grow less.

GARRULUS.



## COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

\* \* \*

My dear innocent Juniors,

You have come into our midst, no doubt with ideas of your own as to the life you are to lead when you become a member of "that noble army of martyrs," the "College Student Brigade."

Possibly you may have read of passing incidents in our lives in the daily press, but they are unreliable indexes, and so I wish to impress upon your minds a few words of advice—founded upon years of experience in that hub of the universe "The 'Artley."

Let me begin with your life in "Digs." You pay for them and they are yours. Now—a friendly tip!—a tidy room invites company and conversation; to begin with tidiness, results in your having to keep up this horror of civilisation. Therefore, let me impress upon you the absolute necessity for disorder. Periodically, I would advise you to get under your well-ordered table, give a gentle heave, and thus add to the general neatness of your den. A few bottles of ink smeared over the resulting work of art also helps to produce a beautiful effect. In this way and this way alone, will you ensure complete solitude for yourself in your "little piggery."

Just a word too, regarding your cigarette and tobacco ash. The landlady—poor deluded soul—may burden your elbow with an ash tray. Treat it gently; it is only an emblem of her little ways—and we all have our foibles. To express to her your appreciation of the gift, use it as a bookmark—the ash, by the way, you may allow to take care of itself. Having got so far, may I spend the day with you, as it were, and outline to you your conduct throughout this imaginary day.

You are "knocked-up" at 8 a.m., but you must never allow this to disturb your mental equilibrium—just shout "Right-thanks," turn over in your bed if you are uncomfortable and resume your peregrinations in the "land of nod." Your angel of mercy will come again at 8.30 a.m., and appear to you to be unduly distressed at your dilatoriness. You may now begin to think about getting up—but remember, "Haste is the curse of the age," therefore do not be blasphemous.

Having arrived downstairs, you will on no account "rush" your breakfast. To impress upon everybody your contempt for Father Time, ask your table attendant to brew a fresh pot

of tea, as you have not yet acquired a taste for blacking, to which the present contents of the pot bear a striking resemblance.

This meal concluded you begin your journey down to the "Chamber of Horrors," otherwise the scene of your mental agony.

Here I may say, it has grieved me beyond measure to see many of you scampering with undignified haste down the High Street. How can you bear up the dignity of your status, when you proceed at breakneck pace down that placid thoroughfare at 8.59?

I say this too, with another end in view. One of the revered Professors may draw most incorrect conclusions from this mad stampede of yours. Would you, my young friend, lead these learned men to believe that your thirst after the knowledge they have to give you, your desire to hear their expounding of psychological treatises causes you to hasten at this terrific rate, so that you might not lose a word of theirs? Fie! my young friend; lead them not astray—to do so is a grievous sin; rather should you walk or crawl in unwillingly, and let your eyelids droop *as if* in sadness over the tremendous issues brought into light by your studies of the previous night continued into the early hours of the morning. Remember too, that to joke at this hour—at this unearthly hour I would say—is a heinous crime. It is no time for levity.

It may occur that you arrive late. Unfortunately this demands an apology, but, my friend, be a little ingenious; do not trot out the inevitable puncture of a cycle (that you do not possess), as your excuse. At times you might even be original and say that your landlady forgot to call you—but whatever you do, do not admit that you have no excuse.

As to conduct in lectures, the rules are few and simple. Use as your motto the world famous device of the men of Cambria, "I have worked to come here, not come here to work." Bear this in mind throughout and you need but little more advice. If you can continue to look insufferably bored, then you can, with other immortal heroes of history, die with these words on your lips, "I have done my bit."

There is just one additional remark. The "professorial jokes" which, like the poor, are always with us, and are marked with a painful drabness and similarity, should always be greeted with as much energy as you can command from the reserve store set up by compliance with the rules outlined above. When you hear one, which you are sure must have

enlivened the tedium of Noah's wearisome sojourn in the ark—then, I say, let go your appreciation. Remember, the more noise you make the less work you will be required to accomplish during that lecture, and if you can waste an extra five minutes by causing the learned man to give you an extempore lecture on "Conduct," so much the better from the above point of view.

At break, you may show to advantage any energy you may have left. It is quite a mistake to think it a time of rest—the remainder of the morning will suffice for that.

Having continued your suffering till one o'clock, again display your energy and speed on your way digwards. If misfortune compel you to return after dinner—compliance with the rules outlined for the morning will see you safely through it. At five o'clock, it is essential that you consider your day's work at an end. Should you still have any energy left, go to the theatre to laugh it off,—but if any symptoms of a desire to work begin to show—go to your Doctor.

It is possible that you may have heard or read the antithesis of this treatise,—forget it; for it must have been the creation of a disordered mind—it certainly was not the creation of anyone of the fraternity of your fellow-sufferer.

STEWART.





THAT Miss Lovell is corporal of the guard.

---

THAT Mr. Parry took a stride, but did not sit down.

---

THAT Mr. Knight keeps the bun-boy going.

---

THAT Mr. James is the College detective.

---

THAT the finger print test was *most conclusive*.

---

THAT Mr. Knight was sorry to find—*it* was beer.

---

THAT Mr. Bratcher dislikes the phrase—"come in the middle."

---

THAT the Eastleigh train is consistently late.

---

THAT Polly thinks he can sing.



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---

THAT Miss Wallen is keen on German.

---

THAT "Babs" will shortly get his hair cut.

---

THAT Miss Childs will soon produce the play "Hop o' my thumb."

---

## DIGS, DREAMS AND WORK.

\* \* \*

ALL of us are acquainted with digs. Whether you use the term apartments, or rooms, or den makes no difference. The thing itself is still the same. You have the inevitable landlady who supplies potato peelings and coal dust for fuel (they give such a nice heat you know!) and who, on receiving your rent, looks innocently and sweetly at you and says: "Oh, Mr. So-and-So, I really had forgotten that this was the day." I once resolved to forget as well, but it was no good. By a very curious coincidence, something reminded her that time of the very day and even of the very hour. You also have the inevitable "scivvy" who stamps about the house and shuts or opens your door with so much noise as to cause your hair suddenly to stand on end. Her wide expansive grin causes it to resume its ordinary position with an equally sudden bang. To complete the household we must add the harmless (?) necessary cat (which, alas! is so often blamed for stealing your tobacco), and also the landlady's dog, which, according to the unwritten law of the College, is supposed to accompany every junior in his promenades after dark.

You could hardly imagine yourself capable of dreaming in such surroundings, but egged on by the tripe and onions or the equally nutritious diet which is supplied to you at dinner-time, you become capable of anything—from work to committing suicide. You take down your pipe from the rack, and

commence to whiff away to your heart's content. You watch the rings of smoke as they silently steal heavenward away, and, thus lapped in complete innocence, you may actually dream.

\* \* \* \*

It was my second day at Southampton that gave me my first dream. I was sitting before the digs' fire. I had not yet formed any acquaintances at the College, and consequently I was musing about my future friends. All of a sudden I saw a beautiful maiden "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful." She approached, and talked for some considerable time most pleasantly to me; on her departure, she imprinted on my cheeks two kisses, and I immediately awoke. I found myself seated in the armchair as before, and the cat had coiled itself about my neck, and my face was bleeding. I was greatly disappointed, as you may guess, when I found the cause of the supposed kisses. Yet, on chancing to look in the mirror I saw that I had two dimples which I had not noticed before (though I have recently been assured that they have been there for well nigh forty years), and I knew of a surety that the maiden of my wishes was about to appear to me. For I wrote to all the magazines which publish the meaning of dreams and that was the reply I received. I came to College next day in high glee; I carefully scrutinized the women students, but alas! my friend was not there—and I have not seen her since. This convinced me once and for all of the inefficacy of dreams. Yet I experienced another rude shock of a contrary kind a little while after.

I was exceedingly lazy one evening and could not settle down properly to my work; consequently only half of my Latin translation was done. But in the night I had an awful dream. A person in black raiment appeared to me carrying in his hand a scroll of parchment. This he opened and asked me to read. It was in Latin, and I recognised there the work which I ought to have, but had not, prepared! I commenced reading it in Latin, but he invited me to translate it into English. I shuddered, and almost allowed the scroll to fall from my hands. I tried my best to translate, but it was very slow work, and he began to scowl. Then I rushed through the rest of it at full gallop, quoting from Scott and Dickens instead of giving anything like a translation. "This will not do," he thundered. He shook his fist at me, and produced a huge blue book marked Re-gi-Ster and opened it. Then he put a big black cross opposite my name. "Your work is

insufficiently prepared," he added in ghost like tones. "It has been recorded as such." Then the recording angel departed; I fainted and I knew no more. You may be sure that I was greatly relieved on waking to find that it was nothing more than a dream. But I was bathed in perspiration, and I rushed to the washstand to cool my fevered brow. I determined to creep downstairs for my translation book, and to do the work set at all costs. I accomplished the former task in safety until I reached the last two stairs which I took three at a time, falling over the landlady's cat *en route*. On reaching my bedroom again I started work to prevent such a calamity as occurred in my dream. I soon fell asleep, however, and sure enough I received my reward next day (in the shape of the iron cross).

But I have been cured of all these paltry fears; "familiarity breeds contempt" they say. Consequently I have never had such a nightmare since and I hope I never shall.

CLARUS.

## LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

• • •

Sæpius locutum, nunquam me tacuisse poenitet

I have often regretted having spoken, never having  
kept silent.—*Syrus*.



Work is a *hobby*.

Miss Fox.

You should sit in *coal-dust* and ashes.

Prof. Lyttell.

There is every reason, and many others to believe that . . .

Dr. Boyd.

. . . as indicated by a stationary and moving conductor.

Mr. Shearing.

In 999 cases out of 1,000, and a lot more than that, this happens.

Prof. Watkin.

Translating, "alius os verberat,"—"another shakes his bones."

Mr. Lett.

A towel is sometimes used as a substitute for soap.

Mr. Marle.

Thus, to ascend 4, you go up 6.

Prof. Watkin.

### HISTORY PAPER, 1915. ✕

+ + +

*All questions to be answered.*

*Slang strictly prohibited.*

1. Does "general talk" illustrate history, or does history illustrate "general talk?"—Discuss (a) objectively; (b) subjectively.
2. Explain the connection of the Labourers' Revolt of 1381 with the best remedy for moulting dogs.
3. How would you teach History to boys, age 7—11, using the method of "Becket's Brains?"
4. Give the connexion of Ed. I.'s campaign in Scotland with the aristocratic method of eating fish with bread and fork.
5. From knowledge gained in History lectures prove that you are competent to teach Latin to any class.
6. Give the Latin phrase for "you're another" where applied by a woman history student.
7. "History lectures" are neither "History" nor "lectures."—Discuss.

*N.B.*—No "marks" given unless answers contain Shakespeare quotations, Latin phrases, and "grotesque" maps.

## HOW WE RECEIVED THE JUNIORS.—By a Senior Student.

• • •

OH, all ye bards of the mountains! Sound your harps and sing us the song—tell how all these children, young and inexperienced, came unto this ancient seat of learning to partake of the feast of knowledge. Tell how they forsook the rocky heights of far off Cambria and the sunny land of France, how they left behind them our mighty Navy at Pompey, and the great herring-pond pinnacles at Liverpool; and how they left their butterfly nets and marbles in hamlets fair,—come, oh! sing unto us how they all came in, flushed with the freshness of youth and smiling in their innocence.

And how did we receive them? Such fair flowers from the garden of humanity touched our experienced hearts, and we extended unto them the whole warmth of our being. And according to the ancient customs of this venerable institution we set apart an evening whereupon we could all gather together and blow clouds of smoke in fraternal affection. So we extended unto them a welcome, saying, "Come! gather together that we may be as brothers." And on the set night they came unto the Common Room very shy as becomes youth, and very sheepishly they peered around the door to see if all was well, and when they were gathered inside they flocked together in corners as though unworthy of the great honour bestowed upon them. But when we had sung a Coll. Song, its martial strains inspired them and they shivered no more.

Most important of all that was done that evening was the election of a Junior representative who should be the mouth-piece of the Juniors on the great Senate of the College, who should for a moment forsake his own humility and assume the dignity of office in raising his voice in the hall of his masters, partaking in the momentous judgments of the Senate, begging and praying for mid-terms when hope lies dead.

One there was among the Seniors, who, having left his microbes in the care of his landlady, had come to bespeak the merits of a certain youth, a knight both in name and deed, whose fame had spread abroad like the scent from an onion. Wise above his fellows, far seeing and of sound judgment, he was undoubtedly the very man to uphold the right of youth, among those who would oppress it. And so the said gentle-

man was elected unanimously, for none could name a man more suitable. Sad to relate, afterwards when the newly elected senator was about to assume the dignity of his new office, he was met by a professor who recognized not the rights of Juniors, so that no junior voice has yet been heard in the councils of the College.

It has always been considered advisable to test the oratorical powers of Juniors, and so we called upon two young lads to tell us about the prospects of their native villages (Bournemouth and Manchester, I believe) in respect to the facilities they offer for the study of feminine psychology. Their speeches though were very poor and very disappointing; but there, one cannot expect much from little chaps who have only just left their tin soldiers and bricks, one cannot expect them to be so experienced as their wise elders who have studied social psychology so often and with such conspicuous success.

One Junior there was who was called upon for an apology. Being present one week he had thought himself a Senior—only think of it!—a Senior in one week! and we had toiled and striven through twelve long months, yearning to grasp crumbs of knowledge that we might be wise even as our teacher, we who had passed through a season of joyous spring, through a glorious summer, through a doubtful autumn and an awful winter. Really each term is a year, for each starts well and ends with an exam., and the less said about that the better. But in spite of such an apparent presumption we came to the conclusion that the young man was misled by his faulty reasoning, and we recommended him to take up a course of Logic to see whether he could not get more confused.

There is one serious matter always requiring attention—that Juniors do not wear hair on their upper lips. This privilege is reserved for their elders. It destroys the beauty of youth to have hairy lips. Awful to relate, two young hopefuls came with their smiling faces hairy. Their sorry appearance as marrers of youth jarred on our artistic natures, and so we removed the offence with the aid of soap and a razor; and as we realized that it is only the ugly that requires beautifying, and not having sufficient time to spare to shave both sides of their bonny faces, we balanced their facial expression by a plentiful application of black paint. The little dears looked so nice with faces adorned by stubby hairs and lamp black.

Mention must certainly be made of those of our number who, arrayed in khaki, had honoured us with their noble presences. Valiant, inspiring war songs they sang, such as "The army's



one foundation," and in other ways did they entertain us, so that even those degenerate youths who had been thinking of the cosine that their boots made with the floor, looked up and smiled. Even a Newton or a Shakespeare must have stopped his studies to give heed unto these of "England's last hope."

From the very beginning of things the Pompey Chimes have resounded at Welcome Smokers. We could not let them be excluded this year, so a gallant youth from that famous and glorious town was asked to sing unto us its war cry. He was not used to singing—unmusical child!—so he started off with a lot of superfluous piffle about Town Hall clocks and half hours and quarter hours and whole hours, till our great patience was exhausted, so that we had politely to hint that he should give us a good undiluted dose of the "Pompey" chimes themselves. He did his best and no man can do more, so he was dismissed with honour and a cigarette.

Christening is a necessity of civilised life. We collegians recognise this and act upon it. It is really only one step from Pretty to Polly, hence Pretty Polly becomes Polly for short, and such we christened him. Jagow pains me to write, for is there not a German—one of that nation of sausage eaters, who goes by the name of Herr von Jagow. Oh! eaters of sausages, rejoice in a living one, for Jagow is sausage, and sausage is Jagow. Others also we christened so that these annointed few might represent the baptism of the whole, the symbolization of their admission into our loving fellowship. The actual ceremony of course was most impressive. Tears could be seen in the corners of many eyes as amidst a reverent silence only broken by giggling, the little victims were raised up tenderly by strong arms, and he that officiated bestowed upon each an inky benediction. Such a tremendous honour!—yet each seemed glad when it was over!

Of the many other important events I will not write, for are they not written in the Book of Fate? Ye of sluggish-minds that forget these things consult the oracles! My task is but to reflect and philosophise, to interpret psychologically, logically, metaphysically, and in all the other "ically" ways possible. Can one poor humble creature expound all these mighty happenings? Alas! it is too much for human frailty.

## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

\* \* \*



It was not possible to begin our programme until much later in the term than is usual. The first meeting took place on Friday, November, 6th.

The Speaker (Prof. Lyttel) took the chair at 7.15 p.m. The Prime Minister (Mr. C. H. F. Bratcher) rose immediately and moved—"That in the opinion of this House the Modern Craze for Education is a Disease." He sketched the change from happiness to unhappiness experienced by a child taken from play and freedom to school. Self-expression is hampered, the whole surrounding being unnatural. This was unhealthy,—hence a disease—a disease

that could be prevented—hence a crime.

The Leader of the Opposition (Mr. F. Booker) rose to defend modern education, and held that education was not a disease, but faulty learning constituted the disease. He went on to show how education was a natural development to fit children for their environment.

The Hon. Member for Merthyr (Mr. Rees) emphasised and defended the point of view put forward by the Prime Minister.

The Hon. Member for St. Helens (Mr. Gilgan) seconded the opposition.

A short debate followed and then the Prime Minister having closed the debate the House divided.

There voted :—

For the Government	..	..	22
For the Opposition	..	..	28
			—
Majority against Government	..		6
			—

The second meeting was held on November 20th. The Speaker (Prof. Lyttel) took the chair at 7.20 p.m. The Prime Minister (Miss Urry) rose and moved—"That in the opinion of this House Women are intellectually and morally equal to Men."

In a closely-argued speech she went on to sketch how men and women were of the same descent, environment and parentage and therefore on the face of it are at least nominally equal.

Why the equality and at times even the superiority of woman's intellect had not shown itself was owing to the lack of opportunity. She put forward that woman to rank with man at the present time must have ten times the ability of the average man. Woman's life is more sheltered than man's, and therefore her moral tone is higher.

The Leader of the Opposition (Mr. R. P. V. Carpenter) argued that woman was inferior to man since she had to work much harder than man to obtain a similar standard. Woman is a machine; wit and wisdom are born with man.

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The Hon. Member for Portswood (Mr. B. A. Weber) in supporting the Government said that woman must have at least equal intellect to man, since "swot" was able to bring her to the standard required of man.

The Hon. Member for Shirley (Miss Lunn) in supporting the opposition, held that woman did not possess the same mental balance as man, and that man possessed greater inventive faculties. Women did not possess the courage of their convictions. Women were a harmless necessary organism useful to have about the house.

After a somewhat lively discussion the Prime Minister closed the debate. The House then divided.

There voted :—

For the Government	..	..	26
For the Opposition	..	..	14
			—
Majority for the Government	..		12
			—

On December 2nd, we met the Y.M.C.A. Debating Society in an Inter-Debate. They, as the Government, moved—"That Diplomacy is compatible with Truth and Morality." Mr. F. Rees and Mr. I. R. James represented the College in opposing this motion. The Leader for the College contended that deceit, distrust and fear were inseparable from Diplomacy. College won easily.

Our Programme for next term includes a Mock Trial and two Lectures, one by Canon Mitchell and the other by Professor Shelley. It is hoped that all will be well supported. If the Society is to live next session Juniors must be getting practice in speaking. They have not favoured us yet with much eloquence. We hope that next term will produce orators from unexpected quarters.

I. R. J.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Society was held on November 17th, when a lecture was delivered by Mr. Ludford, on "The Fairyland of Living Things."

He described some of the weird creatures inhabiting fresh water ponds and pools, illustrating his remarks by lantern slides and living specimens.

The lecturer proceeded to explain the methods of studying pond life, emphasizing the fact that only very simple apparatus is necessary. He then described the organisation of an Amoeba, the simplest of living things; and concluded the lecture by tracing the life history of the Common Gnat.

There were about 30 members present.

On November 20th an Extraordinary General meeting of the Society was held to elect officers in place of those away on active service.

The chair was taken by Mr. Ludford, and the following representatives were elected:—*Chairman*, Mr. Ludford; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Mr. Trippe; *Mathematics*, Miss D. Thomas; *Chemistry*, Mr. Barnes; *Physics*, Mr. Clark; *Biology*, Mr. James; Mr. Rent was elected the representative of the *Science of Psychology*, which, it was decided should be represented in the Society.

Mr. Taylor and Mr. Carpenter were elected in accordance with the Rules of the Constitution.

S. H. T.

## CHRISTIAN UNION. ❧

\* \* \*

## WOMEN'S BRANCH.

THE work of the Christian Union has been steadily maintained this term.

On Sunday, October 10th, we had a Tea, to give the Juniors a welcome to College; and there were 35 of us present. After the tea, we spent an enjoyable social evening together.

Our Prayer Meetings have been well attended. A slight change has been made in that once in three weeks we have a Combined Meeting, usually led by one of the Town Ministers. The other two weeks we have Women's Meetings only.

The Sunday Services have been altered also, and now we have a Combined Meeting once a fortnight. These have been fairly well attended. The Speakers for this term have been—Rev. H. T. Spencer, M.A., M.Sc.; Rev. J. Morris; Rev. Mark Earl; Mr. Leslie Hunter, Trav. Sec., and Rev. Douglas Field. The addresses have been helpful and much appreciated.

Four study circles have been formed, with a total membership of 29. The book chosen for Study is "Discipleship."

G. P.

## MEN'S BRANCH.

THE Christian Union has been particularly hit by so many students being away from College, our Committee having lost two members and the Secretary.

A Pre-Sessional Conference of both Committees was held on the first Saturday in Term. The Afternoon Session took the form of a business meeting; the Evening Session was of a devotional character.

Our Sunday meetings have not been quite as well attended as we should have liked, but we trust this will be remedied as the Session goes on. We have been fortunate in our Speakers—they have included the Rev. H. T. Spencer, M.A.M.Sc.; the Rev. Mark Earl; the Rev. J. Morris, B.A.; Mr. W. Dale, the Rev. D. Field, and Professor Eustice. They have all been helpful, and given us much to think about.

Mr. Hunter, our Travelling Secretary, spent the week-end round about November 22nd with us. He spoke on the Sunday afternoon, and Dr. Hill presided. The shortness of his visit prevented him from seeing as many men as he had wished to see.

We have endeavoured this term to lay more stress on our Wednesday meeting for Prayer and Intercession. Ministers from the town have come and conducted the Combined Meetings at 1 p.m. every third Wednesday. We feel that as Students and Members of the S.C.M. we should give more thought to this, in the present crisis of our nation's history.

There are sixteen men in Bible Circles, and we hope that one or two more Circles will be formed next term.

I. R. J.

## WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM.



"LONG live the Common Room." It is a cold November day and we have sat for 2 hours and 10 minutes, shivering and blue, enveloped in coats and mufflers, with our "focus of consciousness" upon our own sensations of cold, but "Margin of consciousness" upon the Equatorial Regions of the World, "sine, cosecant, cotangent and all," when, from afar we hear the welcome sound of the bell, at once, the whole field of consciousness becomes the "Common Room"—the one bright spot of our existence.

This term our "haven of peace and rest" has been made more comfortable, for we have had brought from Highfield two settees and two tables, while too we have added to the beauty of the clock.

The beginning of this session has also been marked by one or two "rags," these arising from various causes. Both those who have "ragged" and those who have been "ragged," have thoroughly enjoyed them, and the spirit of goodwill and tolerance has always been present.

So much so, that even the raindrops, knocking for endless days upon the half-observed fan-lights have been so enchanted with "the vision of delight" and "dream of fair women," that at last they have succeeded in gaining entrance, and as we, at 11.15 a.m., rush to obtain our "meltis" and chocolate butter-scotch, one of these, our heavenly friends, drops lightly from "the realms of fancy" and gently blesses us upon our noses.

But let us not forget the "heraldic favours" which has been placed in the historic frame until now containing the ancient W.C.R. Rules written in faded ink and upon yellow paper, and which have now joined "the blest spirits," that this—a College Cap—may ever shine before our eyes and inspire us to deeds worthy of the Women of the University College Southampton, and help us to live up to our motto "Strenuis Ardua Cedunt."

G. P.

## CHORAL SOCIETY.



As so few 2nd year men have returned to Coll., the Committee decided to choose part songs for Choral work. These were thought to be more suitable, for a company of fifty strong, than a work similar to that taken last year.

Owing to the keenness of our conductors we had made a start on "The Battle of the Baltic," "Joy to the Victors" and "My Bonnie Lass," in the third week of the term.

Each part song has a spirit which appeals to us very strongly and we look forward with pleasure to producing these works even better than we did that of last year.

F. C.

## CHESS NOTES.

\* \* \*

In spite of the fact that external circumstances are far from favourable, the Club is perhaps in as flourishing a condition now as ever it was. We have succeeded in winning the Hants County Trophy for two successive years, constituting a record, at least for the present Trophy. We hope to break our own record by winning it for yet a third year.

The season was opened by a general business meeting, followed by a simultaneous exhibition given by Professor Watkin, who won five games out of seven.

The first match of the season was played at Andover, on November 14th. Owing to the derangement of the railway service, there was at first some doubt as to whether we should be able to reach our destination, or, having got there, to return until the next morning. By the help of a station official, a time table, and certain somewhat abstruse calculations, however, we at length found our difficulties solved. We returned with the satisfaction of having won by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ .

The Annual Tournament has commenced—with two innovations. First, the customary "double knock-out" system has this year been discarded in favour of the "continuous" tourney. In this way all entrants, whether weak or strong player, will play the same number of games, each entrant meeting every other once. Secondly, we have the pleasure of welcoming among the devotees of the enchanting goddess Caissa women-students as well as men. We are glad to receive one and all into our fellowship of the chequered field.

C. S. G.

## SOIRÉE NOTES ❧ ❧

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In spite of the un auspicious circumstances under which this session opened we contrived to commence our season with a very successful Welcome Tea and Soirée on October 17th, at which there were 68 present.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the many students who have assisted at the piano, and also Miss Pilbrow, Mr. Tulley and Mr. Pretty for their violin accompaniments—an innovation which has most certainly "caught on" and which we hope will become a permanent institution. We must also thank Miss Aubrey, our President, both for her music and her unflagging enthusiasm in all matters connected with the social life of the College; without her help it would be almost impossible to carry on our work successfully.

Our second Soirée took place on November 21st, and was most enjoyable, though the attendance was not what it should be. Apropos of this there is a deplorable lack of *esprit de corps*, especially among the men students, shown in the slackness of attendance at all functions. Considering the circumstances of the session we should all try to counteract the effect of our reduced numbers by a double dose of enthusiasm.

We hope that after this appeal many who have not yet come will make an effort to do so; we can assure them that if they come they will not regret it.

B. A. W.



## STUD MARKS. ❧ ❧

\* \* \*

Does Barnes like colours? —

Lost—a football. —

Was it Moody or his "upper lip" which did so much for the Seniors? —

Congrats to "Freddy" and "Reckless." —

What about the fags? —

## THE RIFLE CLUB

\* \* \*

A General Meeting of the Staff and men students took place on November 12th, with the Principal in the chair, to consider the formation of a Rifle Club. A Committee was elected at this meeting to draw up Rules and make the necessary arrangements for the formation of a Club.

Up to the time of going to press no practice has taken place. Application has been made for affiliation with the National Rifle Association, and until the certificate is received no shooting can take place. It is expected that everything will be in full swing by the time these notes appear.

As well as rifle practice arrangements are being made for a qualified instructor to take a course of military drill. This is quite as important as shooting, and students should take a keen interest in it.

The reasons and circumstances which brought the Club into being are known to all, and the Committee trust that it will not be necessary for them to urge students to give it the support it deserves.

A. P. T.

## HOCKEY NOTES. ❧ ❧

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THERE is very little to report about the Hockey Club so far, because the season had well advanced before any start was made.

Only a few of the Juniors play Hockey—consequently our numbers are few, and the practices of little value.

It has been difficult to arrange matches, because several clubs against whom we played last season have now no team. A match was arranged against Winchester County Girls School on November 28th, but the weather prevented us from playing. On December 5th there is a match against the Avenue Training College, on our ground.

G. P.

## SOCCER NOTES.

+ + +



SO FAR this season we have made good use of our new ground at Highfield, and we have had some enjoyable games.

### Seniors v. Juniors. (Won 2—1).

Our season could not have opened with a better match, and it was a great game from start to finish. The Juniors made a good start,

coming dangerously near our goal from the kick off, but it was left to Rees to score the first goal for the Coll. this season. Our triumph however was short lived, for Thomas got through for the Juniors soon after. Half-time 1—1.

All through the second half it was attack and counter attack, and both goals had some marvellous escapes. Near the end, however, Rees gave the Seniors the lead with a neat shot. The Juniors tried hard to draw level, but the score remained unaltered.

Special praise must be given to Moody, Barnes, Nohes, Taylor and Rees for the Seniors, and to Gammon, Kemp and Tully for the Juniors.

### Past v. Present (Lost 2—3).

This match gave us an excellent opportunity to compare this year's team with that we had last year, and the score gives us quite a good idea of the game.

Soon after the start "John" scored for the "Past" with an excellent shot. This seemed to stimulate the "Present" who scored through Rees, who headed in a perfect centre from Bratcher. This ended the scoring in the first half.

In the second half Broughton twice got through for the "Past," whilst Thomas scored for the "Present," and an enjoyable game ended in a win for the "Past" by 3—2.

Gammon, Moody and Thomas were the pick of the "Present" team.

### Seniors (in College) v. Juniors. (Lost 0—4).

"Oh what a fall was there my countrymen!"

The Juniors had revenge that day and undoubtedly deserved it, but the nine Seniors did remarkably well in the first half to keep the score at 0—1, but when their number was reduced to eight the Juniors made the game safe—and the "fags" also.

For the Juniors, Gammon scored in the first half, and Jones (2) and Parry added goals in the second.

Taylor, Bratcher and Barnes played well for Seniors, and Gammon, Prettv and Kemp for the Juniors.

**Coll. v. Co-Op.** (Won 6—3).

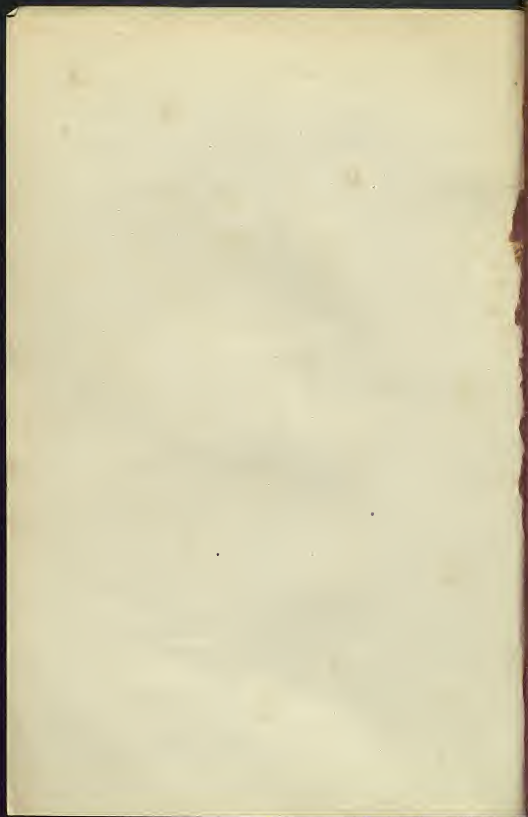
This was our first match with an outside team, and the result is certainly gratifying, but what happened in the last 15 minutes?

Our defence were strong, as were the halves, and but for faulty shooting we should have scored even mere goals than we did.

Jones is to be congratulated on performing the "hat trick," and we hope to see some more of him in future. Bratcher, Parry, and Thomas, the latter with a splendid shot, also scored for the "Coll."

H. S. G. L.





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